

the boat bore away, "but they're shooters

"There you go," whispered the old man as a strong, loud pull came over the water and a faint cloud of spray drifted from the crest of a wave. "Steady!" and the old man let the sheet run and seized his wife. The next moment a powerful blue-white hide topped up just off the crest of the wave as splash as if a cannon had exploded, and the huge form of a beluga rose bodily four feet at least into the air, and fell back with a sounding crash.

"I stung him," shouted the old man. The animal was whirling about in an erratic manner, beating the water with

"Look out for him; he's a comin'!"

And with a blinding rush the round bullet head struck the boat with a mounding blow that lifted her prow above water.

"Gimme the sheet!" shouted the fisherman, who was pushing on the oar that answered for audder. The passenger got the rope, and amid the spray from the dying whale the boat shot out of danger, and the old man rose and sent another bullet into the white target.

"They're hard to kill. If you don't fetch 'em and they're still a-livin' . . . Now, you pull out that sheet, we'll take 'em the last time."

The whale was still making the water

"There's your chance," said the fisherman, as a puff came a hundred yards away. "Yes, that's too far, but you can tell now just where he'll come up a second time. That your rifle over there," continued the fisherman, pointing to a spot two hundred feet in advance of the

The sportsman followed instructions, and a moment later almost in front of the rifle rose the white head. I flinched, and by one of the most remarkable coincidences of my life, the next instant the hands the bullet struck the white whale in the heart. A single leap in the air and it was dead. The old porpoise shooter dropped the ear and insisted on shaking hands. "Wall, you've been at this business before. There ain't no use a durnin' of it; you never could have hit that earther of you hadn't." So grateful was I that upon some people, and, as I did not shoot again, I came away with a proud record in an old beluga-shooter.

The white whale, better known as the beluga, is very common in the Gulf of St. Lawrence and several hundred miles up the river. The adults are about fifteen feet long, with pearl-white scales and a black dorsal fin. The beluga is quite valuable in trade, the oil being adapted to certain kinds of machinery, and the skin is made into a curious kind of leather. The meat is eaten in various ways, and the blubber is made into a sort of lard.

ality there is no reason why it should not be done. The beluga is a milk-giving animal, and the meat is good and nutritious, and not all fishy.

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### A CANNIBAL'S TRIAL.

The Colorado Man-Eater to be Retried—Brief History of His Crime.

The case of Al Parker, who is better known as the "Colorado cannibal," was acted upon in the state supreme court of Colorado a few days ago, and the action of the district court of Hildale county was reversed. Parker was sentenced to be hanged on May 1, 1883, but his coun-

On the morning after the execution on the gallows, Parker was taken to the prison under which he was condemned. In the winter of 1877, Parker and five companions started overland from San Lake to the San Juan country in Colorado. The country was then almost uninhabited, and the men had to find their own food, going for several days without food. One day, in his desperation, Parker killed his half-starved companions and, then for sixty days, he lived on their bodies.

Parker died some of the "meat," and, carrying it with him, finally reached the Uncompahgre Indian agency in the Uncompahgre valley. There he related a story that he and his companions had become cannibals. He was then taken to the prison, where he reached some other settlement. Parker began to spend money lavishly, and one day, while drunk, revealed enough to

It was nine years before he was heard of again, and that was when he was arrested on the charge of having been engaged on a ranch. No criminal ever created so much interest in Colorado. There was no difficulty in obtaining proof to convict him, and Judge Gerry sentenced him to the penitentiary.

After his execution the supreme court decided the law under which it was convicted to be unconstitutional.

Almost thirty years have passed and the memories have just reached his case again. A long confinement in jail has broken down his health, and instead of a fierce, good man eater, he is in reality a fit subject for the grave. He will now be buried in the same place as his co-conspirator, and is convicted can be sentenced to a term of ten years in the penitentiary.

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